

more hazardous. And so it turned out to be.

As soon as she came out of the house, it was seen that she had put the gunpowder in a tablecloth and then tied it round her waist. But the wily Indians saw this as well as her friends, and guessed the object; immediately they sent a perfect shower of bullets and arrows at her as she ran swiftly across the space to the fortress. Fortunately, not one touched her, and she passed inside the fortress-gate with her treasure. By means of the powder she had brought, and the courage her bravery had inspired in the men, the fort was held until relief came to their aid.

This is the record of the deed of one brave girl, but deeds just as brave are being done daily, though in different ways, and it should be the determination and effort of every boy and girl to be just as brave and good in the place God has put them, and in doing just the duty that comes to their hands.

—Look not mournfully into the past; it comes not back. Wisely improve the present; it is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear, and with a manly heart.—Longfellow.

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A BIRD'S JOURNEY.

The crane is a large bird, rarely to be seen in this part of the world. It has long legs and a very sharp bill, which it knows how to use most unpleasantly as a dagger; it usually attacks the eyes of its assailant, and is then very dangerous.

Great numbers of these birds are to be found in the northern parts of Europe and Asia. In the winter they migrate to warmer climes, and can be seen flying in large flocks and usually at a great height, through the air.

Slatin Pasha, the unfortunate Austrian officer, who was for twelve years a prisoner in the Mahdi's camp, tells us of a curious adventure which he had with one of these birds.

During his captivity he was attached as a slave to the person of his master, the Khalifa, the object of the latter being to keep him under constant and strict surveillance. At one time, Slatin had been heavily ironed and thrown into prison. Here he languished for a considerable period and endured great hardships.

The Khalifa guessed that his captive was constantly making plans to escape, a suspicion by no means without foundation. If he could have obtained proofs that his surmise was correct, Slatin well knew that his life would probably pay the penalty. One day he received a summons to the Khalifa's presence. When he entered the room he was rather dismayed to find the court judges, known as the "Kadis," all assembled. Evidently something was wrong.

His master, in a severe voice, bade him be seated, and then handed him a small metal case, about the size of a small revolver cartridge, to which was attached a little brass ring.

"Open that and read what is contained in it," commanded the Khalifa.

Slatin took it with a trembling hand. What if it should indeed prove to be a communication from his friends, who were, he knew, doing their utmost to contrive his escape! He opened the case very slowly, all the time trying to think what he should say if the contents were what he expected. He drew out two tiny scrolls of paper, and, with a sigh of relief and thankfulness, read the inscription, which was written in English, French, German and Russian.

"Well, what is it? Make haste!" said the Khalifa, impatiently.

Slatin explained that the case had evidently been attached to the neck of a bird, and the writing was to the effect that the owner of the bird had let it loose in South Russia, and would be glad if the person who either caught or killed the crane would communicate with him.

"Your words are true," remarked the despot, somewhat mollified; "it was found by a native near Kassaia, fastened to the neck of a crane." Then he added, contemptuously, "This is just like the fool-

ishness of these unbelievers. A Mohammedan would never attempt to do such a silly thing!"

The papers were handed over to the secretary, and Slatin was dismissed, secretly congratulating himself that the little adventure had had no worse ending.

As he returned to his hut he repeated the address of the Russian gentleman over and over again to himself, to impress it on his memory, for he was not allowed any writing materials, and he resolved, if he should ever regain his liberty to let him know the strange history of his crane.

Three years afterwards he at last succeeded in escaping from his long and cruel captivity in Omdurman. A few days after his arrival in Cairo, he was seated in the balcony of the Austrian Agency. Looking down at the garden, he noticed a large, tame heron stalking sedately among the flowerbeds. Instantly the story of the crane and the address of its owner was recalled to his memory. Slatin wrote to him, and soon afterwards received a letter from the "foolish unbeliever," thanking him warmly for his information, and inviting him to pay a visit to the large estate in the Crimea, from which that enterprising crane had started on its long journey.

BLESSED BEGGARY.

"Oh, dear! There's Bertha. Now I suppose I shall be asked either to give something or do something."

The supposition proved entirely correct. Indeed, the energetic young woman, who rang the bell, laughed a little when her friend opened the door.

"Probably you've guessed that I have come to ask for something," she announced, without embarrassment. "You know our missionary society has a deficit of nearly ten dollars, and I'm trying to raise it by asking each member to contribute a dime or a quarter, larger offerings not declined."

The girl thus appealed to produced her purse and paid her quarter with a martyrlike air which did not disappear when her friend had departed.

"It's always something!" she reflected, impatiently. "Last week she asked for ten cents to help pay for the new carpet at the parsonage; and if it isn't money, she wants you to teach a class at the mission Sunday-school, or to collect old magazines to send to some hospital. I never saw such a beggar."

Not a few of our readers will recognize something familiar in this girl's mental attitude. Probably all of you count among your acquaintances someone who is always asking you to do something. She is interested in the Sunday-school, and the young people's society, and home and foreign missionary work, and the temperance reform. She knows numberless places where a little help is needed, and she does not hesitate to call your attention to your opportunity for

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lending aid. She understands how soon small contributions make up large deficiencies, and she readily undertakes to raise the considerable sum of money needed in some worthy cause by the simple process of asking you, along with others, to contribute your little share of the necessary amount. But is it quite fair on this account to refer to her as "a beggar?"

Just stop a minute to think of the fate of all kinds of Christian work if it were not for these people who not only are ready to lend a hand themselves, but are willing to ask others to lend a hand. You are glad to help that struggling mother by doing a little sewing for some member of her family, but were it not for those more observant than yourself you would never have known of her destitution. You are ready to take a class in the Sunday-school, when the superintendent comes and asks you, but you would never dream of going to him and asking if there was a chance for you to be of use. You are glad to contribute your mite toward carrying on Christ's work, but you are decidedly unwilling to ask your next neighbour to do the same.

The people who love Christ well enough to beg for him are the ones who collect the scattered energies of Christians and combine them into a whole. We all remember the story of the fagots which could be broken so easily taken one by one, but which in a bundle resisted every pressure that could be brought to bear upon them. The people who gather the fagots together contribute the human share toward rendering Christianity irresistible. Make them welcome to your homes. Thank God for them. Even when you cannot do what they ask, treat them with all honour as those who bear the heaviest part of the burden of Christian work and make possible that which is accomplished for God in the world.

—Make a rule, and pray God to help you to keep it, never, if possible, to lie down at night without being able to say, "I have made one human being, at least, a little wiser, a little happier, or a little better this day." You will find it easier than you think, and pleasanter.

—It is doubtless true that the past "comes not back again," but we do believe that everything good and true that lies buried in the past will have a glorious resurrection.

—Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated. Those, therefore, that dare lose a day are dangerously prodigal; those that dare misspend it, desperate.—Bishop Hall.

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Wm. McCabe, Managing Director

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